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### THEATRES OR CLINICS?

662 TOT what extraordinary men think of it, but how it would appeal to the ordinary citizen. That is the question for me as a Magistrate."

In condemning a current moving-picture film as indecent and immoral, Chief Magistrate McAdoo defined his attitude-and the attitude of most level-headed citizens-with clearness and common

Does it ever occur to the professional uplifters and social disease specialists who indorse these spectacles that concentration on certain subjects has possibly made their point of view a peculiar and in fact "extraordinary" one?

Do they ever stop to think that what is moral food for their own enthusiasm may be strong drink or poison to less centred minds?

If "white slave" films and similar stage pictures were only exhibited for doctors and ministers to wag their heads over the problem would be a different one.

But who make up the moving-picture audiences? Average people, most of them young-many of them very young-drawn by curiceity, with no yearning whatever to think provided they can be excited and amused.

Would anybody advise admitting such audiences to the operating reom of a hospital or to the private room of a judge hearing technical divorce evidence, on the chance that they might "benefit"?

Let the uplifters ask themselves honestly, not what ordinary citizens MIGHT or OUGHT to derive from these theatro-clinical dissectings of sex and sin, but what they actually DO derive.

We know what the managers get.

Come on, old joke! The new subway system will be in operation Jan. 1, 1917, will it not? Yes, it will not.

### "THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE."

OSTON'S public garden has for years been the pride of New England. Just the same Boston's new Mayor would sell it for \$10,000,000 to pay bills, according to reports from the Hub. Horrified Bostonians are reaching for the statute books to prove that

For a long time many of these same Bostomians deplored Mayor smald. But at least Fitzgerald learned something. The task of ting Curley looks like a far more formidable proposition.

It may be noted that the latest Mayor of the Puritan capital was elected in a manner which represents the last limit of popular freedom of choice. There was no convention, no party preliminaries. Jemes M. Curley takes office by the direct vote of the people.

How often has a Massachusetts party convention nominated such

Without responsibility to some party or some principle, an individual is apt to make a sorry figure in politics.

> Two Lawyers Get Jobs in the Fire Bepartment .- Headline. And Law the special science of delay!

## WHAT WOULD \$10,000,000 DO?

TOULD \$10,000,000 worth of teaching show New York how to feed and house its people and provide them with work and play? What returns in municipal health and happiness could be secured by an outlay of \$10,000,000!

Interesting to think about. Discussed as Earnest J. Coulter, ader of the Big Brother movement, discusses it in The Sunday World Mossine te-morrow, with a certain practical optimism, it can hardly fail to stir the imagination of most people.

ood is the city's first need. Mr. Coulter is all ready to spend a million and a half instructing consumers how to take over production and become co-operative. "Produce raised near New York City now passes through thisteen different hands before it reaches the consumer. The price finally paid by the latter includes the original cost and eight or ten profits besides." Is that the best we can do?

The biggest single outlay from Mr. Coulter's wished-for ten milwould be \$3,000,000 to start off 5,000 children with vocational ming. He believes they would pay it all back and big dividende seldes. Nor does he think \$2,000,000 too much to squander on playnds and dance halls.

Many people like to think how they would spend millions to make selves happy. Why not do a little similar imagining for the Man on the Car, "are nursed on the bottle."—Toledo Blade. whole city?

show it to strangers. Give us time.

# The Day's Good Stories

### A Quick Trip.

B. Liank called again this morning, sir,"
and the new office boy as Mr. Stuer;
misred the office.

pos tell him I'd gree to Europe, as

as Biread!" said Mr. Stuar;

as Biread!" said Mr. Stuar;

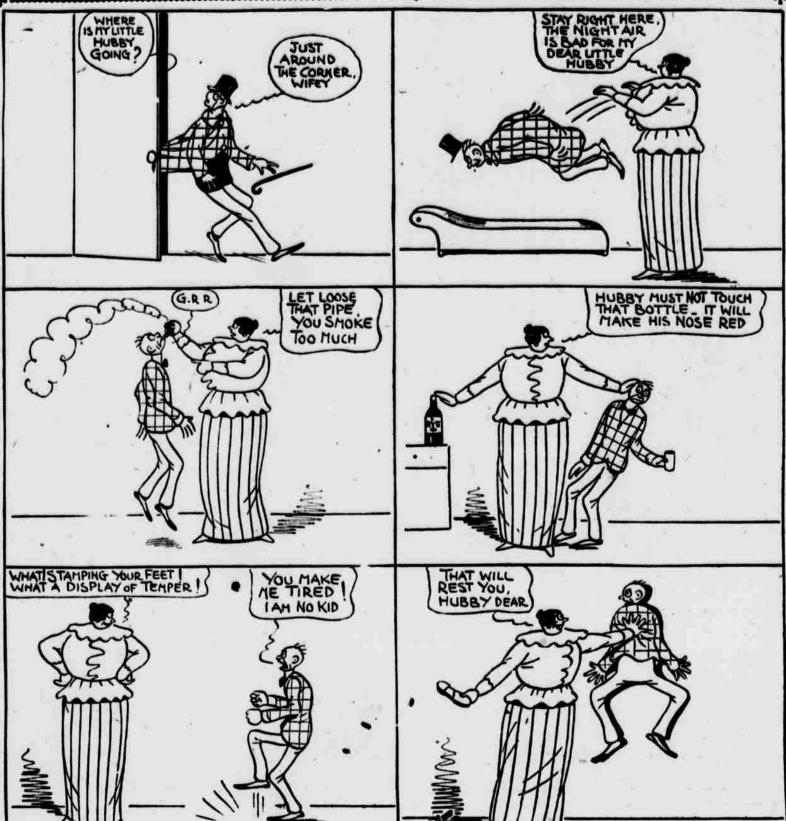
The Champion Darkness.

### Good Advice.

Now, if only the Government would out of the country .- Aibany Journal.

# The Eugenic Wife & By Maurice Ketten





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the mystic spell. 'You may be a crasy feller, but I ain't. A choke is a choke.But

more. You ain't dead and I know it and

you know it-so why go shead mit this

Hits From Sharp Wits.

"Too many grievances," remarked the

The municipal authorities of Berlin

friving automobiles, ruling that many

accidents have been due to the prac-

Every man's secret of success is hi

wn. Another cannot use it.-Albany

The man who brags that he is bos

in his own house goes out of the house to do his bragging.—Deseret News.

We are in favor of a "spug" move-

the whispered sweet nothings of the fond

the Prevention of Useless Grouches."-

ice.-New Orleans States.

have forbidden men to smoke while

Well, then," said Mr. Dinkston, "M a were alive why can't it be possible that OUIA) you like to make little journey to the ne person who seemed alive was dead?" "By gollies! I never thought of it that way!" exclaimed Mr Slavinsky little journey to the late home of the departed?" gazing in open admiration at the logiclan. "He got you there, Gus. Too bad you ain't alive to have a drink," he ter he had collected to cents a head dded to Mr. Dinkston. designated as "floral tributes" for him

"Omar shall refute you in this," re olled Mr. Dinkston softly. "For in tife. I want all I can get since my

'My clay with long oblivion has gon

# Mr. Jarr Is Solemnly Introduced To a Home-Made Harlem Menagerie

But fill me with the old familiar juice. | dead and I do know it." | Methinks I might recover by and by! " | "You gosta hand it

"Who said that?" asked Gus, prick-

ing up his ears.

"Omar," replied Mr. Dinkston.

"Elmer never said a word like it,"
sniffed Gus. "Don't I know my own
"Let us then go to n dry. I bin in this Assen Bevens, yes; but O'Bliven, no!

going to chuck out any sympathy and when I do know who it is, they don't

Mr. Dinkston, for he knew the futility of arguing with Gue, "a lot of people are dead und don't know it. But I'm

which in truth, were short-goings

unto the day was the excuse thereof

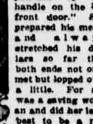
her board and keep" was not what sh

# Fables of Everyday Folks. By Sophie Irene Loeb.

The Apologiser.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Brening OE upon a time there was a man. I home and off he would go with a

He had a devoted wife. That is don't mind, do you, Mary?" sweet the floor and she knew that he WANTED very much polished up the to go. Which is very much the way handle on the big of all devoted women. Then again, Tom front door." She and Dick would invite him to remain



nd always what a simple matter it was to tale stretched his dol- phone about it! On these occasions he lars so far that would come home late, very late; bu both ends not only appreciating his wife, as stated before, little. For she was a saving wom-

best to be a real The man often to his friends on what a

"fine wife" he had. Of course he paid the butcher, the baker, the candlestic and often, in secret, used to pat himself on the back as to being a good pro-For, when Mary asked for a new with the apologizer.

dress, didn't she get it? And the minute | But apology spells admission, and the pollshing the scrubbing and the paying had expected; and that, where appreci A fashion note says: "Spring hate for of the bills went on quite as a matter other ear will be left free to receive of course.

"You gosts hand it to him that he "Well, sure, it's his business," Gus

admitted. "But this thing has gon old Mrs. Dusenberry's little group foor flat, where he maintained a resi or School of Sign Language.

said Mr. Dinkston. "Hence you do not note any crape on the door. In fact," whisper, "I am keeping my demise a secret from the dear old lady with whom I todge. Poor soul! She is greaty attached to me, and the news of my death would shock her greatly. For that reason I desire my interment

strictly private. S-s-sh!" He laid his hand to his lip and bowed very courtequaly to the old lady from Indiana who smilingly admitted her lodger and Mr. Jarr, Mr. Rangle and Mr. Slavinsky, Gus had stayed behind, after announcing that he would go to the funeral, but he would not be "There's a mouse!" oried Mr. Jarr as a little gray rodent came out from unin the middle of the room.

"Yes," said Mr. Dinkston; "that is

squeaked and chattered, while Mr. Dinkston fed them crumbs of cheese he had brought from Gus's "business men's lunch." "And here is Alfred, my pet cock

roach, and Elfrida, the hen roach," added Mr. Dinketon, as two large, fat As time went on these things became always on tap. . He thought, having of. Mrs. Dusenberry, I grieve to say, has no partiality for them. And here, and Mr. Dinkston opened a clothes press, "are my tame moths. See, I for their pasturage. Hence they do not feed upon my other garments. ments. Please," and a tear stood in is eye, "be kind to them, now I am no longer here!"

# BY HELEN ROWLAND

She Discovers the "Golden Age of Woman."

HEN is a girl no longer 'à girl?" inquired the Bachelor as the Widew unpinned her orchid-wreathed hat, fluffed up the Titlan curis on her forchead and pulled a chair close to her tiny fireplace.

"In New York," she replied promptly, "she is no longer a girl when she can no longer 'out out' her granddaughter at a dance. But why?"

"Because," explained the Bachelor, taking a newspaper cilenian from his

Because," explained the Bachelor, taking a newspaper clipping from his pocket, "a German professor says here that the 'fatal age'—and I support means the dangerous or the foolish age—of woman is THIRTY."

The Widow shrugged her shadow-lace shoulders and smiled sceptions.

"He never walked up Fifth avenue on a sunny afternoon like this," clared mockingly, "or he would have placed the dangerous age of wom tween three and ninety-three!" "Yes," agreed the Bachelor, "and the foolish age of man between one an one hundred. But the professor quaintly assumes that woman has a hear. "How kind of him!" murmured the Widow sweetly.

When is Woman Most Dangerous?

ND he declares that at thirty her emotions are at high tide, and I not until then is she capable of a grande passion—of falling really despired in love. A man, on the other hand, he says, usually despired in love for the first and last time at twenty, before some girl comes and

"Showing," rejoined the Widow, thoughtfully leaning her chin on her pink palm, "that to a man love is only a 'delusion.' But perhaps," she went on, "the MOST dangerous age of woman is thirty. You will observe that whenever is married woman elopes with her chauffeur or gets into a flirtation with her cos man or discovers that her husband is not her 'affinity' in the 'luminous vois' is usually at or about that age. And whenever a rich widow marries a fort hunter 'for love,' or a bachelor girl gives up her career to do cooking, wa and ironing for a youth just out of the 'infant class,' or runs off with a big it is always at the 'fatal age.' "

"In short," interpolated the Bachelor airly, "a woman of thirty has reached

"Yes," agreed the Widow, "and of desperation. Up to twenty-eight a woon married or single, is usually contented with her lot. She feels that the part of her life is before her-and it is! But at thirty she awakens with a to the realisation that the last years of her first youth are slipping away f her-that there are only half a dosen of them left in which she can be cl with the 'younger set,' and she just gets desperate and grasps at anything & looks like romance.

"If she is unmarried she takes a second wind and determines to stop wa for the 'ideal man' and to take the first 'real' one that offers himself. She buys a new brand of face powder, a new style of corset, goes in for gay-colored cisthes and usually manages to land a husband in short order."

"I know it!" groaned the Bachelor with a shiver. "I've seen 'em. "If she has been married since the early twenties," pursued the Widew. "Sechildren are big enough to be left alone, and her husband is absorbed in busines or in his career, and has become dull and prosaic or dyspeptic and critical. feels that she is missing something, but she doesn't know what. She looks about her for a little excitement or diversion from the duil, domestic monotony—an just there 'diversion' always steps in in the form of the nearest man-and tragedy begins."

When Man is Merely a "Diversion."

B UT why," complained the Bachelor, "should any man be willing to The Widow put down the tea kettle, which she had just picked up, and regarded the Bachelor with astonishment.
"Why, Mr. Merriweather!" she exclaimed repreachfully. "Don't you KNOW"

that from thirty to thirty-three is the most FASCINATING age of woman magic age, when the face and figure are still beautiful and young and the mind is matured and interesting; when she still retains all her illusions and yet has the spice of experience and the charm of polse; when she is both ser sentimental, wise and romantic, natural and complex; when she knows what to say and how to say it; what to wear and how to wear it; when she is caviare to her and older women seem blase beside her! It is the GOLDEN AGE of woman—the glory of the sunset of her youth—and a charming woman of thirtythree can fascinate any man on earth between the ages of twenty and eighty!"

"Then the professor was wrong, after all!" exclaimed the Bachelor, with a long breath. "The love of a woman of thirty is NOT a grande passion, but a grand emotional spree—and they haven't got a heart!"

"That," answered the Widow, with a sphinx-like smile, "is something which every man asks, which no woman can answer and which every man must and out for himself."

### ■The Week's Wash By Martin Green

EW YORK ought to feel pretty there is a



"now that the Committee of Fourteen "Of course," re-

from the self congratulatory report tee of Fourteen wise be

Fourteen patting itself on its collective

that New York was more immoral than any other large city. A seaport community like this attracts the adventurous criminal from abroad and the same breed from inland. It is a place of opportunity, not only for the hones dreds of thousands of visitors every

"The most circumspect citizen of small town is liable to take off the nuffer and run himself up to fourth speed when he loses himself in the metropolis. He wants entertainment be wants

could in the days before the Committee of Fourteen was organized. New York is no more moral now than it was then-in fact, I question if it is in as

districts were comparatively free from immoral persons. Because of the scar-city of violations of the Tenement House law ite enforcement was rigid

"The Committee of Fourteen prides

force were set to work to enfo has declared that Tenement House law it couldn't we are a moral complish the job of deaming out disreputables in three years. This may

"Of course," re- be a condition of which New plied the laundry should feel proud. If that is the man, "the infer- the Committee of Fourteen has a man, "the infer-ence to be drawn to pat itself on the back." "Vice herded by itself to blatant, fensive-and under control of the thorities. Vice plastered all over of Fourteen is great city is secretive, insidio entwining victims who would not ath

you are and there we are. town of New Committee of Fourteen will be in

### The Tang o' the Tange 6 TS the tango immeral? I mean are

the new dances immeral? Zan they all group under the head potisher, "You can search me," answe undry man. "All I know is that the own is mutty over tango. They'll be dances are immoral why do many eminently moral people go to them? alled 'Dan the Dude' first beg n dances akin to the tango in a ears ago he had to pull down empted to put over stuff like the avenue on their foolish faces.

### They Need It All.